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Translation Attempted.

O NIGHT, thy enemies declare
Thee dark, to me supremely fair,
While truth desires to be more true,
And love vows double love to you.

How do I dread the morning's eyes,
When beneath night's dear disguise,
Love throws aside all other screen,
And favours felt need not be seen!
Then fearful, less, then less severe,
Each soft persuasion wins the ear:
But should Aurora's blushes break,
A kindred blush illumes her cheek,
Love now may sigh, 'twere vain to speak.

MR. NICKER.

AGIOTEUR adroit, Ministre sans
moyen,
De rien il fit de l'or, et d'un Empire rien.
Mr. Pitt.
The flame of England's glory, thro' him was chang'd
to vapour,
He found it full of gold, and he left it full—of paper.

*From a young man of Philadelphia, to the
Principal of the Society called Dunkers, +
in consequence of a visit he had paid him,
and the conversation which had passed be-
tween them at that time.

THE eternal God from his exalted
throne
Surveys at once earth, heaven, and worlds
unknown,
All things that are before his piercing eye,
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie:
Unuttered thoughts, deep in the heart
concealed,
In strong expressions stand to him re-
veal'd,

* On looking over some manuscripts given me by a departed relative, among other (to me) valuable productions, I found the above poetic piece. I am not sure whether it ever appeared in print, but am inclined to think the contrary. If the pure and mild spirit of christian charity which breathes in every line, was more generally inculcated and attended to—all the petty and acrimonious distinctions, which at present exist among professing christians would be done away, each might then use that form of worship most consonant to his ideas, without running the risk on that account of being branded with the odious epithets of Orange man, or United men, terms which only tend to alienate the affections of those who ought to live in amity with each other—we would not then hear of a corps of Yeomanry laying down their arms and refusing to obey their captain, because *nox* individuals of it (though otherwise unexceptionable characters), thought it right to say their prayers in a different form from the rest.

When will Irishmen be awakened to their true interests!—or politicians and patriots made sensible, that in unanimity consists the strength, safety and happiness of a nation.—If through the medium of your valuable publication, even one proselyte should be gained to liberality of sentiment, it will impart a pleasing reflection to your well-wishing reader.

HUMANUS.

+ A religious sect of people whose principles and manners are very singular; they reside at Ephrata, a little village about a day's journey from Philadelphia.

Thousands and twice ten thousands every
day
To him, or feign'd, or real homage pay,
Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies
In various forms their supplications rise;
Their various forms to him no access gain
Without the heart's true incense, all are
vain;
The suppliant's secret motives there ap-
pear
The genuine source of every offered
prayer,
Some place religion on a throne superb,
And deck with jewels her resplendent
garb;
Painting and sculpture all their powers
display,
And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray,
High on the full-toned organ's swelling
sound
The pleasing anthem floats serenely round,
Harmonic strains their thrilling powers
combine
And lift the soul to extacy divine.
In Ephrata's deep gloom, you fix your seat,
And seek religion in the dark retreat,
In sable weeds you dress the heaven-born
maiden,
And place her pensive in the lonely
shade;
Recluse, unsocial, you, your hours em-
ploy,
And fearful, banish every harmless joy,
Each may admire and use their favourite
form,
If Heaven's own flame their glowing vo-
soms watin,
If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent
prayer,
The grateful sense of blessings freely
given
The boon unsought, unmerited of Heaven;
Tis true devotion, and the Lord of love
Such prayers and praises kindly will ap-
prove,
Whether from golden altars they arise,
And rapt in sound, and incense reach the
skies,
Or from your Ephrata so meek, so low,
In soft and silent aspirations flow.
Oh! let the Christian bless that glorious day
When useless forms shall all be done aw-
ay,
When we in spirit and in truth alone
Shall bend O, God! before thy awful
throne,
And thou our puer worship shall approve,
By sweet returns of everlasting love.

*ODE;**By the late Miss Ryves.*

WHAT constitutes a man?
Nothing rais'd titles nor possessions wide,